

The Last Journey Home

by wildgoose

Category: Daria

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-10-13 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-10-13 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:02:32

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,820

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Daria must make the trip home from overseas when she learns of the death of her mother

The Last Journey Home

Disclaimer: Daria and all related characters are the property of MTV

The Last Journey Home By Steve Mitchell

(Pan across the tranquil Atlantic. It is dusk and the weather is calm. A Cheyenne class stealth attack submarine churns silently through the water on the surface near the coast of Finland as a lone figure is seen looking out from the bridge near the mast. Move in closer we see it is Daria, She is in her late thirties now and a few streaks of gray can be seen in her hair as it blows in the wind. Her usual garb has long since been replaced with the uniform of a submarine captain. As she looks out across the ocean ahead of her, another figure comes up through the hatch onto the bridge. It is Jane, who wears the uniform of a first officer)

Jane: Captain, Sonar reports no contacts and we've got clear water all around.

Daria: (Deadpan) Excellent. (Looks at Jane for a moment) When we're in private, you CAN call me Daria you know.

Jane: I Know, it's just become one of those nasty habits. (Beat) A fifty for your thoughts?

Daria: You remembered inflation this time. That's good.

Jane: A lot of good remembering inflation does when paper currency isn't even worth anything any more.

Daria: Thank god for the return of the gold and silver standard.

Jane: One of the few GOOD things that we're caused by Y2K. Who'd have thought that despite all the preparation everybody did, Y2k Still managed to start a limited nuclear war.

Daria: One that sparked a ten year CONVENTIONAL war which led to everybody and their parents being drafted into the military. Then when it's all over we still have to stay for an extra seven years due to the lack of military personnel. Three hundred million dead worldwide. (Beat) I wonder how many of them were brainless morons we would have wanted dead anyway?

Jane: Probably about ninety eight percent of them. (Thoughtful) At least Trent was able to beat the draft. Who'd have thought that his sleeping habits would have gotten him classified four-F.

Daria: Yea, thank god for Trent's sleeping habits. I haven't been home for so long The kids would have never had anyone to look up to if he hadn't been rejected.

Jane:(smirks) How ARE The twins anyway?

Daria: Pretty good, Jane and Amy are supposed to graduate into High school next year, they'll probably head off to college before you know it.

Jane: Two years ahead of the rest of their class already. Damn, you have an impressive family. (Looks thoughtful) I wish there had been something to keep Jesse from going to Washington DC. I mean it was ONLY a prime target

Daria: Your still hard on yourself Jane. There was no way for you to know how bad things were going to get. (Chuckles) Thank god for your mom's fallout shelter.

Jane: (chuckles) Who would have guessed that we'd actually need it for something other than storing the kiln. I just wish I had the chance to tell Jesse.(beat) I know I've said this countless times Daria but I still want to thank you and Trent for taking William into your home.

Daria: What are sisters in law for. All I can say is thank god for computer glitches. Otherwise the Navy would have known we were family and we would be stuck on opposite ends of the sea.

Jane: Lucky us.

(Another officer pokes his head through the hatch)

2nd officer: Captain, we have clear water ahead. Our orders have been confirmed, we're going home.

Daria: Thanks number two. You may report back to your post.

2nd officer: Aye sir. (Moves back down below)

Jane; I still think it's inappropriate for everybody to address you as sir.

Daria: It's navy tradition. Or at least that's what I'm told.

Jane: (points out Daria's full figure) Well you don't LOOK like a sir.

Daria: (smirks) Trent said the same thing the last time we we're at home port. He even proved it to me.

Jane; (smirks evilly)Now THIS you never told me. (looks at Daria as the sun dips below the horizon) Time to button up?

Daria: (sighs) I guess it's inevitable. After you Jane.

Jane: So kind of you. (She climbs down the hatch into the sub. She is then followed by Daria)(to the crew) X.O. Is down.

Daria: (as she reaches the bottom of the ladder) Captain is down. Button up the ship. (The order is repeated throughout the conn and someone closes the hatch and then secures the mast) Okay Jane, Take us down.

Jane: You've got it. (Loudly) Submerge the ship

2nd Officer: Submerge the ship aye. Diving officer, submerge the ship. (The diving officer repeats the order and then pushes the necessary controls to empty the ballast tanks)

Daria: Diving officer make your depth five hundred feet twenty degrees down angle on the bow planes.

Diving officer: Make my depth five zero zero feet, twenty degrees down, aye sir. (Lifts the steering column up twenty degrees and pushes it in. The hull groans as the pressure on it increases)(After a minute) Five hundred feet captain.

Daria: Very well. (Turns to Jane) Okay Jane, Take us home.

Jane; I thought you'd never ask. Navigator, plot a speedy coarse for Armstrong naval base. Make turns for twenty knots.

Navigator: Aye sir, Helm come to zero six zero, make turns for twenty knots.

Daria: (picks up the comm) Sonar; conn, report all contacts.

Sonar: Conn; sonar, I hold no contacts.

Jane: Looks like smooth sailing.

Daria: I won't believe THAT until we actually get home.

Jane; Always the pessimist.

Daria: Hey, it's gotten me this far.

Jane: Like an old friend.

(Cut to twelve hours later. Three hundred miles east of their last position)

(Daria is in her cabin reading an old novel, while a hot cup of tea sits on the desk next to her)

Daria: (vo) I can't believe people still WRITE stuff like this. (A knock comes at the door) COME!

Jane: (Comes through the door with a towel around her neck and closes it) Is that what Trent said the last time you two were in bed?

Daria: You know I COULD strangle you with that towel and make it look like an accident.

Jane: Yea, but then William would actually become YOUR kid.

Daria: (thinks for a moment) You win Lane, This time. (Beat) Just done your run around the ship I take it.

Jane: Yea, through ALL of the decks this time.

Daria: Stairs and all, despite an occasional whistle from a crew member. I'm impressed Jane.

Jane: They all want me. They just won't come forward because they know I'll toss them in the brig if I actually find out who's doing it.

Daria: Thank God nobody does that to ME!

Jane: No, they don't. They all fear the sensation of having a steel toed boot rammed up their ass. (Smiles evilly) But you should hear what they WHISPER. (Daria lifts an eyebrow) It's tough being two out of the only six women on board isn't it?

Daria: (closes her book) Yea. (Thinks for a moment) What ARE they whispering?

Jane: (smirks) I knew your curiosity would get the best of you. (Leans against the door frame) Nothing bad or sexist actually. Some admire you, I actually overheard someone describe how attractive you are in an extremely tasteful manner.

Daria: (leans forward) Really? (Leans back again) Well, that's to be expected when the male to female ratio is two hundred to six.

Jane: You have to admit though, It's nice to be wanted.

Daria: I already HAVE somebody who wants me.

Jane: And your true to him to the end like I always Knew you would be. Thank god he found YOU and not some ditz.

Daria: (looks at Jane suspiciously) You already FOUND the guy who's been whistling at you, HAVEN'T you?

Jane: (Face turns red as she realizes she's caught) Yea well, I sort of confronted him in the laundry room today.

Daria: Confronted him eh? (Beat) You know of course that fraternization between the ranks is forbidden.

Jane: (shrugs sheepishly) Nobody saw it, I didn't do it. Besides, I made it clear to him that it doesn't affect our current standing and that he needed to keep his mouth shut. He seemed to agree.

Daria: Naturally. (Beat) If anybody else finds out though I'll have to discipline you both. You know that right?

Jane: Yes mom.

Daria: (dryly) You got off?

Jane: (grins) Several times.

Daria: (Takes her glasses off) So what else is new?

(Cut to the sonar station) (Seaman Briggs is manning the station along with a trainee)

Trainee: What I don't get is why do the first officer and the captain refer to each other by their first names while on duty? Isn't that against protocol?

Briggs: They've been friends for a long time sailor. I seriously don't think they're going to let something like the navy get in the way of that.

Trainee: Maybe we should...(sonar sounds a tone indicating a contact) Okay? What do I do now?

Briggs: I've got it. (Begins to type on his keyboard and then picks up the comm) Conn; sonar, new contact, designate number sierra four three, coarse heading bearing zero seven five.

(Cut to Daria's cabin)

Jane; Not much really.... (2nd officer comes over the comm)

2nd officer: Captain?

Daria: (Picks up the comm) Go ahead.

2nd officer: Sonar has a distant contact, probably submerged.

Daria: Can you identify?

2nd officer: We're working on it now.

Daria: Alright, I'm on my way up. (Hangs up) (to Jane) Duty calls.

Jane: Dammit, And I haven't even gotten a shower yet.

Daria: (pinches her nose in jest) So I noticed.

Jane: I hope Trent puts you in a comma the next time your intimate.

Daria: (stops to reflect) GOD, I hope so. It's been to damn long.

Jane: Whoa! Now I'm sorry I brought it up. (They both leave Daria's quarters for the conn)

(Cut to the conn)

Daria: The captain has the conn. (Walks over to sonar) What have you got Briggs?

Briggs: Distant contact, Probably submerged. Contact has been designated sierra four three. It's heading along coarse Zero seven five at about twenty five knots. Plant noise sounds like it might be a boomer.

Daria: (concerned) A boomer? Do you have an ID?

Briggs: The computer is chewing on it now. (Computer begins to print a report. It reads as follows : Contact sierra four three, Soviet, Chernobyl class ballistic missile submarine, transients close aboard, Not previously recorded.)

Daria: (reads the report) Looks like we've got ourselves a new boat. (to Jane) Have you heard anything about this?

Jane: Sublet hasn't said anything about it.

Daria: That's odd, The Russians haven't built any new boats since they surrendered about seven years ago. (Sighs) Okay Briggs, Start a track. I'll see if I can get you closer.

Briggs: Aye sir.

Daria: Jane, Rig for silent run.

Jane: Aye sir. (loudly) Secure main propeller, Engage the caterpillar drive. All hands rig for silent run! (the order is repeated throughout the conn and the caterpillar can be heard briefly as it comes online)

Daria: Briggs, What's their heading?

Briggs: The contact holds steady at bearing zero seven five, speed twenty five knots, depth is eight hundred feet. It looks like she's running in the same direction adjacent to us.

Daria: Diving officer make your depth eight hundred feet, make turns for twenty six knots.

Diving officer: Make my depth eight hundred feet, twenty six knots, aye sir. (Carries out the orders)

Daria: Helm, come to heading zero seven five.

Jane: (quietly to Daria) Creeping up on them slowly huh?

Daria: You always did like to go heavy on the gas.

Jane: I miss those days too.

Daria: I can tell. (Picks up the comm) Briggs, what's our range to the Chernobyl?

Briggs: Range now twelve thousand yards and closing.

Daria: Any signs they're alerted to our presence?

Briggs: Negative, target holds steady on zero seven five.

Daria: We'll follow them for a bit and see where they go.

Mr. Thompson: (over the comm) Captain, we're receiving flash traffic over the VLF circuit.

Daria: Alright, send it down as soon as you've decoded it. (Five minutes later Mr. Thompson brings the message over to her she reads it, then she folds it and puts it in her pocket)

Jane: Well you look more pissed than usual.

Daria: Must be the peppers I had at lunch. It'll pass.

Jane: Yea right, you don't even like peppers.

Daria: You know me too well for my own good.

Jane: So what then? We've followed other subs before, why should this be any different?

Daria: I'm just ready to retire that's all.

Jane: I know, I read the file.

Daria:(scowls) You read my files?

Jane: It was open. If it's any consolation to you I did the same thing.

Daria: It isn't, but thank you anyway. It'll be nice for everybody to finally get home and back to normal.

Jane: Is it me or do you look especially unhappy now?

Daria: How does the way I look now differ from the way I've looked all my life?

Jane: I don't know, you just look...Sad. Or depressed, I can't tell yet.

Daria: I'll be all right. I just need to get something to eat.

Jane: I've got the conn then. Shoo! (Daria Glares at Jane for a moment then raises an eyebrow and walks off the conn as members of the crew smirk) (Turns to one crew member with a smile on his face) Mind your Post! (He turns quickly to face his work)

(Cut to two ours later) (Daria is seen in the officers mess typing on a laptop while a plate of Lasagna sits on the table nearby. Pan closer, A tear rolls down her cheek as she continues to type. Jane

appears over Daria's shoulder)

Jane: Hey what's up? Writing something new? (See's Daria's cheek is wet from tears) Oh boy! What's wrong? You never cry.

(Daria pushes the communique they received earlier over to Jane and she begins to read aloud) Jane: To commanding officer USS Cynicism, Captain Daria Morgendorffer. The state department regrets to inform you that On November eighth of this month your mother Helen Morgendorffer Died in her sleep of Natural causes. Funeral services have been postponed until the day after your return at the request of your husband. Because of your outstanding record, it has been decided that she will be awarded a military style funeral. All expenses are covered. (Jane puts the message down) Oh my god! Daria, I'm so sorry.

Daria: (cracks a weak smile) Who'd have thought My dad would outlive her.(sighs) I've been typing a eulogy, what do you think?

Jane: (Reads it) It does her justice. (Daria closes the laptop)

Daria: Does it? There was so much I never said to her, I was always so busy standing up for my principles I was never able to find the words to tell her how I really felt... Deep down.

Jane: She knew. If she was anything like the involved mother she tried to be, she knew.

Daria: I don't know, it just seems so unreal. My dad was the one who had the heart attack, the high blood pressure, burst an occasional blood vessel in his eyeball.

Jane: (chuckles) Must have had lessons from Dimartino on that one.

Daria: (Again cracks a weak smile) I always thought I would have my mom for a good deal longer.

Jane: I know, I thought so too. (Thinks for a moment) Remember the Y2K party?

Daria: (looks puzzled for a moment due to the sudden change in subject then decides to bite) How could I forget. We all ended up in your mom's fallout shelter for the next few months.

(Scene blurs and fades back in. It is December thirty first at about eleven o'clock P.M. 1999. Jane, Daria, Trent, the rest of the Lane clan and the rest of the Morgendorffers are present in and around the Lane household.)

Jane: So tell me again how your family managed to make it over here to join us in our little new years festivities?

Daria: That would be my Mom's fault. When she heard I was going over here for a new years get together, she couldn't resist the chance to ditch the party at the office.

Jane: A legal new years party? I take it most of the people working at the firm are guys.

Daria: Yup, and what do you get when you take a bunch of legal eagles, a load of alcohol, and a petty excuse to party at the office?

Jane: A bunch of drunken Lawyers who like to plant their fingerprints on ANY female body in the vicinity.

Daria: Exactly! With all that in mind, how could she possibly RESIST tailing me here.

Jane: Can't say I blame her. (Beat) You KNOW Trent's going to get wasted. Are you sure you shouldn't be worried about the same thing?

Daria: I seriously don't think Trent's going to go around grabbing people. He'll most likely just fall down crushing the lawn ornaments and we'll have to drag him off the lawn in the morning.

Jane: I meant BEFORE he passes out on the lawn ornaments. He tends to get honest. REAL honest. He might just start whispering into your ear.

Daria: Great, just what I need. An ear full of beer breath.

Jane: Among other things.

Daria: Well you're a real boost for the self esteem.

Jane: I do what I can.

Quinn: (walks over) Jane, do you have any soda around here?

Jane: Over by the patio. (Quinn walks off to find someone to get the soda for her) (to Daria) I guess she's lost without the three J's.

Daria: That's what you get when mindless sycophants wait on you hand and foot for your entire highschool career.

(Helen comes walking up) Helen: Jane I wanted to thank you for letting us drop by.

Jane: No problem, just make sure Jake doesn't have any more childhood reflections. I'm afraid he'll scare off everybody else.

Helen: (laughs uneasily) I'm sure he'll be okay. (Walks over to keep an eye on Jake)

Daria: Wouldn't most of your family being scared off be a GOOD thing?

Jane: Normally yes, but Trent is already to tipsy to drive and My other siblings are the only ones who are willing to go out on a beer run. That is, unless HELEN would be willing to go.

Daria: Do you have any idea how absurd that sounds? My mom on a beer run is like you and I fitting in to the fashion club...willingly.

Jane: (shudders) Dammit Daria, Now I'm going to have nightmares.

Daria: (smiles evilly) I can expand on that you know. Picture this, You replacing Quinn as the vice president of the fashion club.

Jane: GAHH!

Daria: It gets worse. Try this, You as the V.P having to suck up to Sandi Griffin!

Jane: (covers her ears and drops to her knees) Stop, I beseech thee!!

Trent: (slightly drunk) (comes up beside Daria and places his arm around her shoulder) Hey Daria, Hi Janie.

Jane: (gets up and smiles) Oh HI Trent! Daria was just telling me how MUCH she likes you.

Daria: (scowls) You WILL be destroyed for this Lane!

Jane: (quietly to Daria)Vengeance shall be mine sayeth the cynic.

Trent: (almost falls down) Janie, Why do you always say stuff like that. (Drunken stutter)If...if..she really likes me, she'd say so. Right Daria? (Falls on his ass) (to Daria) I'm not as think as you drunk I am.

Daria: (deadpan)Right, of coarse not. (Helps him to his feet)

Trent: Can I tell you something Daria?

Jane: I'll leave you two alone. (Winks at Daria. Then walks off to enjoy the party)

Daria: (to Jane as she walks off) Traitor! (Jane just laughs and continues to walk) (Daria plants Trent on a nearby chair) Okay Trent, blurt it out.

Trent: You...

Daria: (gets uneasy) What? Are obnoxious?

Trent: You...

Daria: Are ugly?

Trent: No, You...

Daria: What already!

Trent: (slowly) You have beautiful eye's.

Daria: (blushes) okay..You can tell that with this little light?

Trent: (hiccups) I like the way the light from the lawn candles reflects off your eyes. It's pretty.

Daria: Um..Thanks Trent. I think. Your probably just saying that because your drunk, you know that right?

Trent; (Shakes his head) No, it's the truth. (Few moments pass) Can I tell you something?

Daria: (looks at him weirdly) I guess, as long as you don't get sick in my ear. (Trent leans forward and begins to whisper into Daria's ear) (Daria's eyes widen)

(Cut to an hour later)

(Everyone is in the front yard)

Everyone ; Five, four, three, two, one...Happy millennium!! (people throw confetti into the air and some toot on air horns. A drunken Jake tosses his glass over the shoulder, leans over and kisses Helen passionately, they then fall to the ground. Just behind some tall hedges)

Helen: (calmly) Jake your drunk. Let me take you ho... OOH! Oh Jake!

(Cut to Daria) Welcome to the twenty first century Mi amiga!! (gives her a stiff hug)

Daria: Ahh! My solar plexus!!

Jane: Sorry, just got swept up in the moment.

Daria: Been drinking a little lately have we?

Jane: Of coarse! It's an occasion.

Daria: Right, with all this partying going on I guess I just plain forgot.

Jane: So where's Trent? And what happened between you two?

Daria: I left him to snooze on the couch.

Jane: Why did you leave him on the cou....Oh my god! Daria You got in his pants? Way to go!!

Daria: (extremely appalled look comes across her face) WHAT?!! Jane your drunk, And I did nothing of the sort. He said his piece and then passed out so I dragged him to the couch instead of leaving him on the lawn.

Jane: (stumbles) Yea, right. (Gives her a friendly punch on the arm) (the lights flicker and then go out all over the area)

Daria: Well, welcome to Y2K.

Amanda: (comes out of the house) The phone is dead!!

Jane: (smirks in the light of the lawn candles) And the exodus

continues in Lawndale

(Cut to one o'clock a.m)

(Most of the people have gone home with the exception of the Darrians and Jake and Helen)

(Trent has woken up and staggered outside with a hangover. Jake and Helen are still behind the bushes but have since finished with their work.)(I'll leave that image up to you the reader)

Trent: (as he walks up to Daria And Jane) Oh my head, Hey Daria, Jane. What happened?

Jane: (smirks at Daria as she decides to toy with Trent's mind) You and Daria did the deed, Trent.

Daria: (glares and starts to yell) We did noth...(Jane covers Daria's mouth with her hand)

Trent: (tries to comprehend what Jane has said then figures it out) (eyes widen) Oh my GOD! Daria, I'm sorry... didn't mean to....(Daria covers his mouth with her hand)

Daria: We'll talk. (Glares at Jane) I'll kill YOU Later.

Jake: (Comes walking up holding his head) Oh man, my head. Hey Daria, what's up?

Daria: Apparently you are. Have fun?

Jake: (momentarily thinks he's been caught, then calms down) Oh, uh, yea. Great party kiddo.

Daria: Actually, you can thank Jane. She planned the whole thing.

Jake: Oh, Thanks anyway kiddo. (A low rumble is heard as a fiery object trails across the overcast sky moving from north to south) Whoa! A shooting star!

Jane: Don't shooting stars usually move a lot faster?

Daria: Maybe this one is just old and is afraid to do the intergalactic speed limit. (Fifteen seconds later the entire southern sky lights up brilliantly enough for everybody to see each other as if it were day light. As the light fades to a dim orange glow, a steady rumble is heard as the overcast clouds are pushed away swiftly leaving a clear sky.)

Jane: (slowly) What the hell was that?!! (another such object fly's over head but keeps on going more toward the west)

Daria: I think that impending sense of doom I always get has just kicked into over drive. Is it me or is every bodies worst fears coming true.

Jane: You mean the one where Y2K causes all those missiles to fire by themselves?

Daria: That's the....(the western sky light up brilliantly)

Jane: Oh boy, THIS... is really going to suck!!

Amanda: (yells) everybody get down into the old fallout shelter!!

Trent: (confused) What??

Daria: (Grabs him and is assisted by Jane as they drag him into the house) Shut up and don't forget to duck! (Everyone heads to the basement)

(In the fallout shelter as Jake and Trent are closing the door)

Jake: Where do you think that first one hit?

Daria: At least Several hundred miles to the south. It's a guess but I'd say Washington D.C. just bit the dust.

Quinn: (standing in a corner) So what's THAT mean?

Trent: (slowly) Oh god No!

Daria: What? (Looks at Jane as she begins to tear up) WHAT??

Trent: (turns to look at Daria) Jesse was in D.C. talking to someone about a new gig.

Daria: (sinks into her seat) No!! (Jane plants her face on Daria's jacket)

Trent: (solemnly) Jane hadn't told him yet. (The ground shakes slightly as another detonation goes off slightly closer then Washington)

Daria: Told him what?

Jane: (stops sobbing long enough to blurt out a few words)
Jesse...father...(continues crying)

Quinn: Is she going to need to re apply her makeup or something because tears are really bad for lipstick. Also she might want to try a skin toner, because moisture can cause wrinkles which would look really bad.

Trent: Shut the hell up Daria's sister.

Quinn: HEY!

Helen: Shut up Quinn, this isn't the time.

Quinn: But MOM!

Everybody: SHUT THE HELL UP QUINN!!

Quinn: All right already. GOD!

Daria: Jane, I don't think I caught that. There were to may tears

running over your lips.

Trent: Jane's pregnant.

Daria: Whoa!!

Trent: They were going to get married down at the court house next week.

(Daria leans back against the wall attempting to absorb the situation)

(Cut back to the sub)

Daria: Definitely a life altering experience. But out of curiosity, how does this topic relate to the previous one?

Jane: It was your mom who helped me deal with the loss of Jesse. We never spoke of it openly simply because it just hurt too much. We had many a conversation over the next few months.

Daria: How is it that I was never more than fifty feet away yet I never heard a whisper of any of this?

Jane: How is it that You never told me what Trent whispered into your ear that night?

Daria: I'm just not the talkative type I guess.

Jane: (shrugs her shoulders) What can I say, we can also be down right quiet when we want to be.

Daria: So I gathered. Care to enlighten me?

Jane: Maybe.

Daria: Maybe what?

Jane: Maybe I'll go on, IF when all this is said and done, you'll tell me what Trent said to you that night.

Daria: Going for the mother of all my deepest secrets aren't we Jane?

Jane: I know everything else about you.

Daria: Do you? You'd be surprised what you thought you knew, but don't.

Jane: I'm game.

Daria: All right then, let's hear it.

Jane: It was the night after it all started. Remember, I was so edgy I just started drawing on the walls with an old crayon I found?

Daria: How could I forget? When you ran out of wall space you started drawing crayon tattoos on Trent while he was sleeping.

Jane: (chuckles) Do you want to hear this or what?

Daria: About as much as I want to get home. Go on..

(Scene blurs and fades back in)

(Interior of the fallout shelter in the Lane's basement)

Jane is crying relentlessly in the corner with her knee's up against her chest)

Helen: (walks over quietly and looks around to see that everyone else is keeping themselves busy) Jane?

Jane: (manages to stop long enough to look up at Helen) Yea?

Helen: (Sits down next to Jane) Do you mind if sit here?

Jane: Does it make a difference?

Helen: Everything makes a difference. That's why your so upset.

Jane: What the hell are you talking about?

Helen: I know what it's like to lose someone you care about. Believe me it's no easy thing to let go.

Jane: (confused and sarcastic at the same time) Is there a point to this?

Helen: (brows furl together briefly but then Helen lets out a sigh) Yes, There is. What's you're fondest memory of this fellow?

Jane:(Looks at her in disbelief) How can you be asking me these things? You barely know your own daughter, let alone me.

Helen: (realizing the truth in this) I've made mistakes Jane, I'm only human. But a greater mistake would be holding what you feel inside until it boils over uncontrollably. Perhaps in learning about you, I can learn about my own daughter.

Jane: Your nuts, You know that?

Helen: Yea, but don't tell anyone. They might think I'm something OTHER than a tightly wound pain in the ass.

Jane: (chuckles weakly) Your secrets safe. (Thinks for several moments) I truly loved him. I never realized it until now.

Helen: You two were together for a while I take it?

Jane: About five years. I tried going out with other guys, but I always ended up coming back to him. I never really understood why. Now, with this baby growing inside me. I want to be with him more than ever.

Helen: That's natural. But something of Jesse still lives within you. Within your baby, to say nothing of the memory you keep. Think of it as a candle that will always be lit and can be passed down through

the ages. A living memory.

Jane: (smiles weakly) I like that. (Looks at Daria who is listening to Jake talk as if these were his last moments) She does care about you. Daria that is.

Helen: I wonder sometimes.

Jane: She does. She's just not comfortable with showing her feeling to anyone, except me.

Helen: How does she show it then?

Jane: Usually, the more sarcastic she get's, the more she gives a shit about something. That's her way of showing she cares.

Helen: By cutting someone down with sarcasm?

Jane: You can see the amount of effort she puts into dishing it out to YOU can't you.

Helen: She does lay it on pretty thick sometimes. I always thought it was because she resented me.

Jane: She does resent some of the things you do, But she still respects you.

Helen: How can you be so sure?

Jane: She wouldn't give you the time of day if she didn't.

Helen: Jane, Do you think she knows? That I love her I mean.

Jane: She knows, She's just got this funny thing about showing love of any kind. Take Trent over there... please. (Beat) Seriously though, Daria Loves Trent, but she can never show it. I've tried to get them together but he's oblivious and she's self conscious. How can they possibly get together?

Helen: (smiles and points to Daria who is now talking with Trent) By confining them to a closed space and leaving them alone.

Jane: (looks at what is beginning to transpire between the two) Well I'll be damned! Figures it would take something like nuclear destruction to get the ball rolling with them.

(Helen and Jane laugh for a moment)

Helen: Feels good doesn't it? To let go for a moment.

Jane: A little, but it still hurts like hell.

Helen: It will, but it will pass with time. All wounds do heal. That doesn't mean you'll ever stop loving him though.

Jane:(sniffs) I know.

(Cut back to the sub)

Daria: So you spent countless hours with my mom not only discussing

Jesse and yourself, but ME as well?

Jane: Surprised?

Daria: She never told me about ANY of this.

Jane: Of coarse not, it was between her and Myself. The point is though, she knew and cared about you a lot more than you give her credit for.

Daria: I wish I could have told her. Just for once so we both could hear it said.

Jane: You still can when we get home.

Daria: (Scowls) I case you've forgotten My mother has...

Jane: That's irrelevant Daria, Where ever she is at the moment, she'll hear you. I know it in my heart. And you do too.

Daria: (look of sadness comes over her face as if she's about to cry again but she fights it off) Thank you Jane, for everything.

Jane: That's what I'm here for.

(second officer comes over the comm)

2nd officer: Captain, the Chernobyl is nearing the edge of their national patrol perimeter. Please advise.

Daria: (rolls her eyes in disgust) Ah hell, (picks up the comm) I'll be right up.

Jane: When it rains it pours.

Daria: Oh shut up.

(Cut to the conn)

Daria: The captain has the conn. (To the second officer) Report

2nd officer: Sir, the Russian still holds coarse zero seven five, estimate about five miles from the soviet national patrol perimeter set up by the surrender treaty of 2010.

Jane: Thorough isn't he.

Daria: (shrugs) He get's the job done. (Sighs) Any indication they're preparing to alter coarse?

2nd officer: Negative, target still holds present coarse. Now within one and a half miles of the soviet patrol boarder. (Beat) Captain, to quote regulation 311.562. Any Nato vessel is hereby authorized to fire on a soviet vessel that should breach the patrol boundaries set forth in the soviet surrender of...

Jane: (scowls) The captain is well aware of the regulations lieutenant commander. (Yells) Mind your damned post! (2nd officer retreats to his station)

Daria: I was really hoping to avoid this.

Jane: (shakes her head) Yea, here we go again

Daria: Tell me about it. Tactical, Verify our range to target.

Tactical: Captain, the Russian is now five thousand yards dead ahead.

Jane: (looks at Daria) Do you think humanity will eventually learn it's lesson?

Daria: I guess we're about to find out. (Loudly) Tactical, flood tubes one and two. Advise when you've plotted a firing solution.

Tactical officer: Aye sir.

Jane: (adds to Daria's orders) Tactical, program full safeties. We're so close we don't need this fish coming back at us. (beat) (to Daria) I really hate this part if the job.

Daria: I know what you mean. All I really want to do at this point is just make like this guy was never hear and go the hell home to live out the remainder of my existence in peace.

Jane: Or to hook up with Trent and make up for years of absenteeism with a week long roll in the sheets.

Daria: You really are perverted you know that Jane.

Jane: (bows) Thank you.

Daria: (saddened look appears on her face) Yea well, there are more important things to deal with first.

Jane:(look hurt) I didn't mean any disrespect Daria. I was just trying to bring some light to the situation.

Daria: I know Jane. It's cool.

Tactical: Sir, I have a firing solution on the Chernobyl. (A moment of silence passes)

Jane: Daria?

Daria: (sighs deeply) Open outer doors, firing point procedures.

Tactical: (after a few minutes) Outer doors are open on tubes one and two. We're ready to shoot.

Jane: (looks at Daria) I know that look. What are you thinking?

Daria: I'm thinking I'm going to give them a chance to alter coarse.

Jane: (smiles) I thought you might. (Loudly) Tactical, initialize

active sonar.

Tactical: Aye sir. Active sonar initialized.

Daria: (to Jane) Let's let them know we're here. (To tactical) Give me a single pin...

Briggs: Conn; sonar, possible aspect change on target.

Daria: (to tactical) Delay my last order. (Picks up the comm) What have you got?

Briggs: Sir the Chernobyl is altering coarse.

Daria: (to the crew) All stop, go quiet.

Helm: All stop aye, Answers all stop.

Daria: Tactical, did you release that ping?

Tactical: Negative sir, we're silent..

Daria: Where is he going Briggs?

Briggs: Chernobyl's new coarse now holds two one zero. They're heading back toward soviet waters.

Jane: (pinches her sinuses) Thank god. They were just testing their boundaries.

Daria: (smiles) Stand down all weapons. Helm, hold position for five minutes. Then return to course zero six zero and haul ass for home.

Helm: Aye sir, With pleasure.

(Cut to outside home port two days later)

Navigator: Captain, we are now ten miles out of Armstrong naval base.

Daria: Not a moment to soon.

Jane: (comes from the sonar station) I have a request from the crew.

Daria: (raises an eyebrow) Well this is a first. (Beat) Don't keep me in suspense Jane. The crew actually spoke on their own to me.

Jane: (Smirks) The crew and I were wondering, since this is the last voyage where you and I are their commanding officers, if we could soak some fisherman.

Daria: Soak some fisherman? Jane, have you been inhaling your paint fumes again?

Jane; No, I ran out of paint two weeks out of port. I'm serious. There are two fishing troller's running parallel on our heading with exactly three hundred feet apart and no nets deployed.

Daria: I take it you want to make an entrance?

Jane: (grins evilly) With style.

Daria: (thinks for a moment) Your sure about the space between them?

Jane: Sonar verified it just before I came over.

Daria: (thinks for several minutes) No other naval vessels outside of port?

Jane: Not a one.

Daria: (shrugs) Who am I to refuse my crew one request? Helm, Make turns for forty knots.

Helm: Make turns for forty knots, aye sir.

Jane: Diving officer prepare for a hard rise.

Diving officer: (smiles) Ready to have some fun sir.

Daria: (sighs) Okay Jane, Put us on the roof.

Jane: Diving officer on my mark, Five, four, three, two, one, emergency blow!

Helm: Aye sir, five thousand kilo's pumped out. Full rise on the fair water planes, forty degrees up angle on the bow planes. (Jane holds onto a post as the ship begins to pitch up steeply)

Diving officer: Four hundred feet, three hundred, passing two hundred feet sir.

Jane: Come on big C, FLY

Daria: Your enjoying this a bit much aren't you?

Jane: Not a chance. Hold on, here comes the fun part.

Daria: (deadpan) Great.

(Cut to the surface between the two troller's)

(The calm blue ocean is broken by a submarine literally leaping halfway out of the water at forty knots. As the hull lands back in the water, the two troller's are dowsed by the tremendous splash that is made by the two hundred ton ship.)

(Cut back to Jane who is looking through the periscope as the ship stops shaking)

Jane; Captain, I am pleased to report that the fisherman have been thoroughly soaked. (The crew responds by giving each other high fives)

Daria: (smirks) A good way to end an era.

Jane: I couldn't agree more.

(Cut to the docks as Daria and Jane are coming down the stairway that has been placed against the sub)

(A forty something Trent is waiting for her at the bottom. He is actually well dressed)

Trent: (to Daria) I Know you don't I?

Daria: God I hope so. Otherwise I've been waiting to come home to the wrong guy. (Throws her arms around him and gives a stiff hug)

Trent: (smiles) Wouldn't want that.

Jane: What? No hug for your own sister?

Trent: Always begging for attention. (Gives her a hug. Then a solemn look comes over his face as he turns back to Daria) You heard?

Daria: Yea...I heard.

Trent: I'm sorry, Daria.

Daria: I know, Trent. When is it?

Trent: I made the arrangements for tomorrow morning as soon as I heard you were coming into port. I didn't think you would want this to wait any longer.

Daria: Thanks Trent.

Trent: Listen, I know you're probably not in the mood to be happy right now, but there are these three people who have been bugging me endlessly to come along to welcome the two of you home.

Daria: (cocks an eyebrow) Really?

Trent: Oh yea. (Turns and whistles to the car. The rear doors then open and two girls and a boy come running up)

Jane and Amy: Mom!! (seize Daria in a hug. The three of them loose their balance and fall to the ground)

William: (to Jane) Been long time, mom. All of my paintings have been of you. (Gives her a stiff hug) Don't leave again or I'm going to hide your paints.

Jane: (smiles as a tear runs down her cheek) I guess I'll have to listen then.

(Trent just smiles and watches)

(Cut to the next morning at the Lawndale cemetery after the viewing)

(Family and friends are gathered around the casket. Some are crying, others hold a silent vigil. Jake stands next to Daria with his hand on her shoulder and a steady stream of tears rolling down his cheek.

All watch as the navy's color guard fold the American flag which now holds fifty two stars. As The flag is then handed to Jake and they extend their consolations, Daria motions to them and asks to say something before taps is played.)

Daria: (walks forward to the casket and turns to face everyone) (a moment passes before she begins to speak) It's difficult to find the words I long to speak. My mother was someone none of us could ever forget. Although she often worked long hours and at times seemed to busy for everyone else. She never failed to surprise me with the fact that she was still there when I needed her most. I never really showed her just how much I really cared, but still, somehow she knew. Helen Morgendorffer meant more to all of us then we ever gave her credit for. And I wish, I just had one last chance...to let her know how much I loved her.

(Walks back to Jake, Jane, and Trent) (Taps is played as a rifle salute is given, Followed by amazing grace played on the bagpipes)

(People pay their respects and soon depart leaving Jane, Daria, Trent, Jake and Quinn to watch the casket be lowered into the ground)

(After the grave has been covered)

Jake: I feel as if a part of me died with her.

Daria: I know how you feel. It'll be so quiet without her cell phone going off constantly.

Quinn: (places a rose over the grave) We'll miss you mom.

Jake: (places his hand on Trent's shoulder and motions for him to walk with him) Let's give them a moment alone. (Trent nods and walks to the car with Jake)

Quinn: (looks at Daria and Jane for a moment) I'll come with you. (Follows them to the car)

Jane: It was a good ceremony. That was a meaningful benediction you gave.

Daria: Thanks. Do you think she heard it?

Jane: Not a doubt in my mind. (Turns to Daria) Ready?

Daria: For what?

Jane: To talk. (Motions toward Trent)

Daria: You couldn't wait five more minutes until we were in the car?

Jane; Trent would be in the car with us. Then I KNOW you wouldn't talk. You'd just procrastinate until the day one of US dies.

Daria: Damn you and your logic.

Jane; (smirks) I learned from the best.

Daria: (gives Jane an odd look) He said... (proceeds to tell Jane the details of what Trent had whispered that night)

Jane: A Marriage proposal!!?? I don't believe this. All that time I spent trying to get the two of you together and All I had to do was get him drunk around you.

Daria: I didn't say I accepted. I told him I'd think about it.

Jane: And a few years LATER you accepted.

Daria: Basically.

Jane: I hate you.

Daria: The feeling is mutual Jane. (Sighs) I guess it's time to go.

Jane: (solemn look comes over her face) Yea.

Daria: (Turns to Helens Grave and places a rose of her own on the site) I love you mom. (Turns and Jane and Daria begin to walk to the car. Daria stops as she hears what sounds like a whisper in her ear that said "I love you too sweetie" Daria turns around to see an image of Helen as it fades from view.)

Jane: (turns to see what Daria is looking at) What?

Daria: (smiles) Just listening. (Turns back around with Jane and they proceed to the car Where their own families await them.)

THE END

Any comments or suggestions may be directed to
Wildgoose81@hotmail.com Feed back would be greatly appreciated.

End
file.